

ALONG THE BANKS
of THE
ST. LAWRENCE

RIVER.



Hansen from us

Dear Grandmother - with

much love.

92 years old

300
784

Along the Banks of the ST. LAWRENCE RIVER



"À l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
À l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser,"

"In the depths of the wood we go to play,
In the depths of the wood we go to dance."

(Canadian Voyageur's Song)

OBPACHER BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS
MUNICH & NEW YORK.

Series N° 1737.

Song of the American Indian.

Hark! hark! in the howl
of the wind.
The shout of the battle,
The clang of the drums,
The horsemen are met,
And the shock of the fight
Is the blast that disbranches
the wood.

Southey.



MARTELLO TOWERS & BATTERY.

Fair as the earliest beam
 of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered
 pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary
 brow of night,
And silvers o'er the
 torrent's foaming tide —

Scott.



FALLS OF MONTMORENCY.

Around the bright camp-fire
at night,
Which casts a weird
and ruddy light—
Tales are told of the
long ago,
And the restless West
Wind's moan

Seems to tell, in its
 changing swell,
Of the days when it
 used to blow
Over the forest and
 reigned alone.



CAMPING OUT.



PERCÉ ROCK.

Dreaming forever,
 vainly dreaming,
Life to the last pursues
 its flight:
Day hath its visions
 fairly beaming,
But false as those of night.

The one illusion,
the other real,
But both the same brief^e
dreams at last,
And when we grasp the
bliss ideal,
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Moore.



DURHAM TERRACE.

Touch us gently, time.
We've not proud nor soaring wings,
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.

Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle time!

Cornwall.



BREAKNECK STAIRS.

Memory governs this shadowy land,
Reigning supreme:
Of times here comes at her
word of command
Forms we have known, from
the far — distant strand,
Faint as a dream,
Forms of those dear in the
days which have flown,
Forms of beloved ones in life's
morning known.



